

CHANDAMAMA

JANUARY 1979

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ENJOY IN THIS ISSUE

- JEWELS FROM THE SKY:** A significant story from the Buddha jatakas ... *Page 7*
- ADVENTURES OF MINTOO:** An episode in the life of your friend in the forest ... *Page 11*
- THE PRINCE AND THE WIZARD:** Continuing the fiction of adventure and chivalry ... *Page 13*
- WIT OF THE TINY TOT:** A pleasant tale from the Arabian Nights ... *Page 19*
- WERE THE GREAT BRIGHT IN THEIR CHILDHOOD?**
First of a series of features to mark the International Children's Year ... *Page 24*
- NARSIMH MEHTA:** Life of a great devotee ... *Page 31*
- BIRTH OF TULSI:** Touching story of a sacred plant ... *Page 35*
- MEMORABLE MOMENTS FROM HISTORY**
Introducing yet another new Series ... *Page 64*

*PLUS EIGHT COMPLETE STORIES
AND FIVE OTHER FEATURES*

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

वायुर्यथैको भुवनं प्रविष्टो रूपं रूपं प्रतिरूपो बभूव ।
एकस्तथा सर्वभूतान्तरात्मा रूपं रूपं प्रतिरूपो बहिश्च ॥

*Vāyuryathaiko bhuvanam praviṣṭo
rūpaṁ rūpaṁ pratirūpo babhūva
Ekastathā sarvabhūtāntarātmā
rūpaṁ rūpaṁ pratirūpo bahiṣca*

Air which is one, blows and manifests in diverse ways after entering this earth. So also one Soul manifests differently in different forms, without ceasing to exist outside them.

—*The Katha Upanishad*

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CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 9

JANUARY 1979

No. 7

Founder : CHAKRAPANI

FROM CHANDAMAMA - WITH LOVE

The world is celebrating the new year, 1979, as the Children's Year - something which your magazine has been doing year after after. However, in this auspicious year, the *Chandamama* renews its determination to serve the children with love and dedication.

Beginning with this issue we propose to run a special series throughout the year, each time giving a different feature on the world of children. Also, in the pages devoted to narrating the stories of famous books, we give stories from children's classics.

Then, we propose to present our July number, with which the magazine will enter its tenth year of publication, as a special issue with a bunch of choice folktales from the different countries of the world.

Thus we celebrate the Children's Year.

We greet all the children of today, we greet those of yesterday who have grown up but have continued in the company of *Chandamama*, and we also greet the children of tomorrow, the future friends of *Chandamama*.



Why and how Bharat came to be called India ?

Rabindra Kumar Behura,
Uttarola, Orissa.

Bharat or Bharat Varsha has been the name of this ancient country since time immemorial. The word 'India' became popular during the course of the British rule.

However, the word was not coined by the British. A part of the valley of the river Sindhu had come under Persian occupation in the 5th century B.C. The Persians called the river Sindhu, Indus, or something which was similar to this sound. In the early part of 4th century B.C. Alexander, the King of Macedonia in Greece, conquered the Persian Empire and travelled up to the Sindhu valley. "This was the first encounter between Europe and India," says K.M. Panikkar.

The Greeks began calling the region India, after the word Indus, which was derived from Sindhu.

The word India went to West through the Greeks and was widely used. In course of time India became synonym for a land of riches. That is why Christopher Marlowe (16th century) wrote in *Faustus*:

I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for Orient pearl.

(Readers are requested not to send new questions for a few months. Let your magazine finish answering at least a part of the backload of questions.)



LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

JEWELS FROM THE SKY

This happened during the reign of King Brahmadutta of Varanasi. In a certain village lived a Brahmin who knew a rare hymn. Once in years, upon a full-moon night, a certain combination of stars exercised a secret influence on nature. If the Brahmin recited the hymn looking at the sky at that auspicious moment, the sky rained jewels on him.

The Brahmin was a renowned scholar and many youths lived with him as his disciples. The Buddha too, in one of his earlier incarnations, was his student. We shall call him Bodhisattva.

Once the Brahmin, accompanied by Bodhisattva, was on his way to a distant land. The way passed through a forest.

As the two travellers were crossing the forest, a gang of bandits surrounded them and took them prisoners.

"We shall hold the Brahmin as hostage. Go and fetch a hundred gold coins for us if you wish him freedom. We give you a week," the chief of the bandits told Bodhisattva.

Bodhisattva agreed to fulfil their demand. While leaving for the locality, he whispered to the Brahmin: "As you know, tonight is going to take place the rare combination of stars capable of raining jewels. But let me warn you, sir, that under no circumstance should you feel tempted to perform the miracle. I feel that there will be a catastrophe if you do that."

The Brahmin promised not



to perform the miracle. Satisfied, Bodhisattva left him.

But as soon as it was evening and the full-moon arose, the Brahmin was taken up by an urge to prove his powers before the bandits. Besides, he was eager to win his freedom.

"You have detained me because you want wealth. Well, do as I say and soon I will give you wealth the equal of which you might not have earned during your whole career," the Brahmin confided to the bandit-chief.

The chief believed him. According to the Brahmin's instruction, the bandits gathered

flowers and lighted a fire. The Brahmin bathed in the river and was provided with new clothes. He then sat down near the fire and, offering the flowers to the stars, recited the rare hymn. Instantly there was a shower of jewels on and around him.

The bandits sat stunned for a moment. Then they broke into a wild jubilation and collected the scattered jewels. They praised the Brahmin in many flattering words, gave him more clothes and food, and escorted him to leave him outside the forest.

But they had proceeded only a hundred yards when a far more ferocious gang of bandits swooped down upon them and demanded the wealth of them. The hullabaloo had attracted them.

The first gang of bandits were most reluctant to part with their wealth. Their chief came forward and told the chief of the superior gang, "We are brethren. Let us not fight between ourselves. If you wish to possess the kind of jewels we are possessing, take away this Brahmin. By the power of his hymn, he made these jewels fall down from the sky for us. He can do the same

for you!"

The chief of the superior gang caught hold of the Brahmin and asked him to bring down a fresh shower of jewels. Trembling with panic, the Brahmin said that the auspicious moment when the miracle could be possible was already past and that it would repeat after five years.

"What! You could bestow wealth on the other gang instantly, but when it concerns us you say you will take five years!" shouted the chief of the superior gang and he beheaded the Brahmin. At a hint from him, his followers attacked the earlier gang and killed each one

of them and took possession of their jewels.

But they had not gone far when a quarrel broke out between the chief and his deputy. The gang got divided into two camps. They were locked in a bloody fight. It continued throughout the night. In the morning only two bandits saw each other alive!

"Let us not be fools like the rest. We two lucky survivors can divide the jewels between ourselves," said one of the two. The other gladly agreed to the proposal.

They carried the jewels to another part of the forest which



was nearer a village. Both were hungry and tired. "Let us hide the wealth here and go to the village and buy some food," said one. "It will do if only one of us goes to the village. The other ought to be here, guarding the wealth," said the second one.

Accordingly, the first one waited there and the second one went to the village. Left alone, the first one decided to own the entire wealth. He kept his sword handy. As soon as the second one returned, he killed him with a lightning movement of the sword.

The second one too had nursed the same desire. In order to get rid of his companion, he had mixed poison in the food he had brought.

The murderer gulped the food

and lay dead by the side of the huge bundle of jewels.

Two days later Bodhisattva returned to the forest with the necessary amount of money to secure the Brahmin's release. By and by he saw the Brahmin's deadbody and the scattered corpses of the hundreds of bandits. Advancing further, he at last came across the last two corpses lying beside the jewels.

"The Brahmin knew well that the shower of jewels was not to be caused for one's own interest or for a show of power. But, despite my warning, he could not check his temptation to resort to the miracle. He brought disaster to himself and others!" muttered Bodhisattva as he sighed. He then carried the wealth home. He spent them in well-planned charity.

(From the Buddha Jatakas)



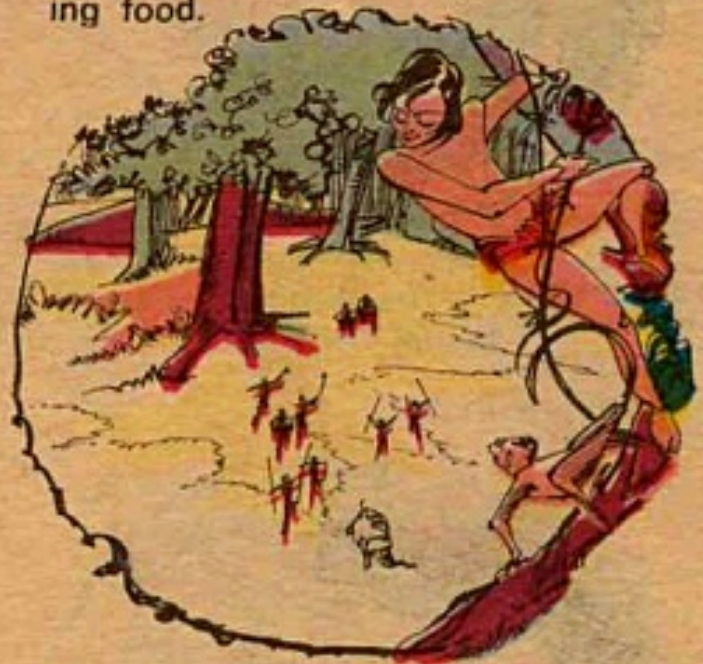
OPERATION BABY ELEPHANT

In a deep area of the forest lived a mother-elephant and her baby. The mother-elephant was sick. The baby elephant loitered freely, seeking food.

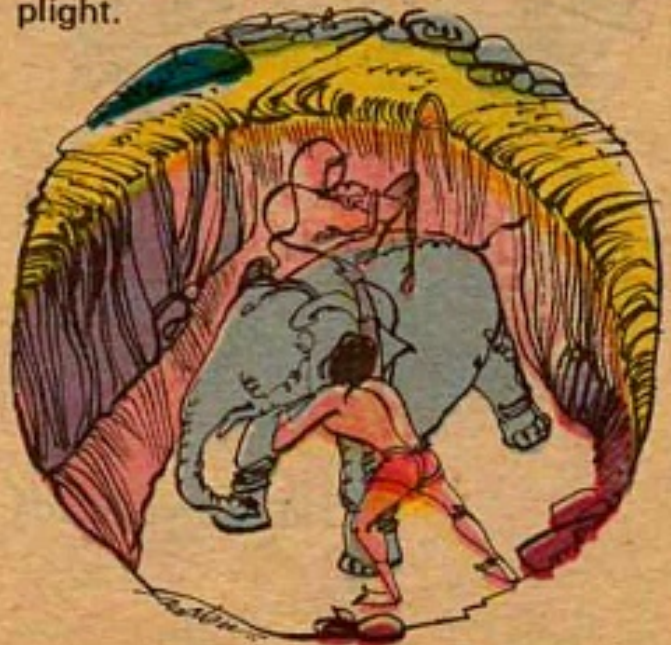
Once a raja's party came into the forest to capture an elephant, if possible. They spied upon the baby elephant. Surrounding it from three sides, they scared it into a pit.



The baby elephant trumpeted pathetically. "We must save the baby," Mintoo told Jhandoo. It was a moonlit night. He took away a rope from the raja's camp and slipped into the pit and fastened it around the baby elephant's neck.



The baby elephant was to be kept there for a few days without food. When exhausted, he was to be taken out and led to the palace. Mintoo and Jhandoo observed his plight.





He then held a large bunch of ripe bananas before the elephant, a few yards away. The elephant dragged on to get at the bananas.

He then fastened the other end of the rope to the neck of the raja's elephant which stood near the raja's camp. All the members of the raja's party were asleep.



At the pull of the raja's elephant, the baby elephant succeeded in climbing up. Jhandoo kept on encouraging him.



As soon as the baby elephant was out, Jhandoo, with an axe, snapped the rope. The baby elephant ran away. So did Minto and Jhandoo.

(to be continued)



The Prince and the Wizard

(Badal, upon entering the palace to meet Princess Pratiba, is captured by the palace guards after a hot chase. He is thrown into a dungeon where the princess meets him. The meeting is discovered by King Bhuvansingh. To his great astonishment, the king learns that Badal was none other than the grandson of King Veersingh. Although Bhuvansingh's father had murdered Veersingh and usurped the throne, the good-hearted Bhuvansingh is not unwilling to restore it to Veersingh's successor, provided the latter has proved his worth.)

13

"Badal!"

The suppressed call greeted Badal as soon as he stepped out into the open meadow that stretched behind the castle.

The call was as soothing as the breeze of the dawn. It was the voice of his dear friend, Ramu.

Ramu came running and hugged him.

"You have escaped without a scratch, my friend! How heroic of you!" uttered Ramu in ecstasy.

Badal patted him on the back, but said, "I have come out of the jaws of death, it is true, but





my escape is hardly due to my heroism. I would have been killed despite all my courage and tact had something else not intervened. Ramu! As I grow up, I realise that there is a power which is greater than all that man is proud of."

"What is that, my friend?" Ramu queried affectionately.

"It is love," replied Badal.

Both began walking in silence. After a while, Ramu murmured, "Badal, whatever you speak out, it is out of your experience that you speak it out. There will be a better time for me to hear your experiences in detail. However, I have seen the best

of your qualities expressed through bravery. I hope, love will not dull that quality."

"Far from that, it will lend lustre and bring a greater justification to my courage," replied Badal. His smile, more than his words, satisfied Ramu.

"You remember our appointment with the wizard, don't you? We are to meet him today," reminded Ramu.

"Yes, yes, we must," said Badal with enthusiasm.

It was almost evening when they climbed the hill and reached the ruined mansion on its top. The calm of the place was broken by the wizard's laughter. He stood on a rock before the ruins, as if expecting his visitors.

"Welcome," he said with a nod, and guided them into the mansion. Inside a roofless hall was burning a fire. The wizard's assistant, Mangal, sat there cross-legged, looking strange, for his long hair, instead of falling backward, fell on his face covering it altogether.

The wizard made Badal and Ramu sit on a slab and himself sat facing them. A minute passed in silence, during which he observed Badal intently. Although Badal felt a bit un-

easy, he too kept on observing the wizard with curiosity.

Suddenly Badal started when his eyes fell on the locket that the wizard sported on his chest. It fitted the description of the lost talisman he had heard from the king.

"Ha ha!!" laughed the wizard who did not fail to take note of Badal's reaction.

"It seems, you are not unfamiliar with this," he said pointing his finger at the talisman.

Badal tried his best to hide his own surprise and suspicion. The wizard talked on innocently as if he was not aware of his

listener's feelings:

"I have nothing to hide from you. This is a talisman which determines a king's fortune. This was with King Bhuvansingh. This is now with me. I have no attachment for it. It might very well be yours if you prove yourself worthy of possessing it."

"How do you propose me to prove my worth?" asked Badal.

"You will know that by and by. You are brave. Your bravery will be put to some tests. If you come out successful—and I have no doubt that you will—the talisman becomes yours. Since I am not sure





whether you are fully aware of its virtue or not, let me inform you that with this by your side you can even look forward to winning the kingdom," said the wizard who sounded frank.

"But how do you gain by that?" demanded Badal.

"There you are, young man. Let nothing be left vague. I am a wizard. I am after certain more supernatural achievements. There are a few things which alone a hero can do for me. That will add to my powers. This talisman will be yours in return for what you do for me. I hope, the bargain has your approval." The

wizard eagerly looked forward to Badal's response.

"Yes, but, I wonder..." Badal hesitated to express his doubt.

The wizard laughed. "I understand your mind," he said. "You wonder how the talisman came to me. Well, by my occult powers, of course. I have done no wrong. King Bhuvansingh's father had stolen it from the last king of the old dynasty, Veersingh. Bhuvansingh has no greater right to it than myself or yourself!"

"Thank you," said Badal, standing up with excitement. "My doubts are resolved. Now, tell me what you expect me to do."

The wizard's face brightened up. He too stood up and held Badal by his arms.

"Good. I too am against wasting time. We must proceed deep into the forest. Take leave of your friend." The wizard looked askance at Ramu.

"I must accompany Badal. I am ready for any risk," said Ramu, almost protesting against the wizard's decision to take away Badal alone.

"That won't do. Even I am not taking my assistant with me. The nature of our mission is such that the presence of a

third person just won't do!" declared the wizard.

"It is all right, Ramu, I shall be back soon," said Badal, giving an affectionate shake to his friend.

Night had just fallen on the forest. Badal, after instructing Ramu to wait for him in the inn near the castle, stepped out of the ruined mansion on the hill, following the wizard.

Both walked fast. The silence of the forest was broken by howls and growls of unseen beasts. They had to walk for hours before they reached the foot of a hill.

The wizard stopped and

turned towards Badal.

"Young man, do you see that cave yonder?" he asked.

"I do," replied Badal.

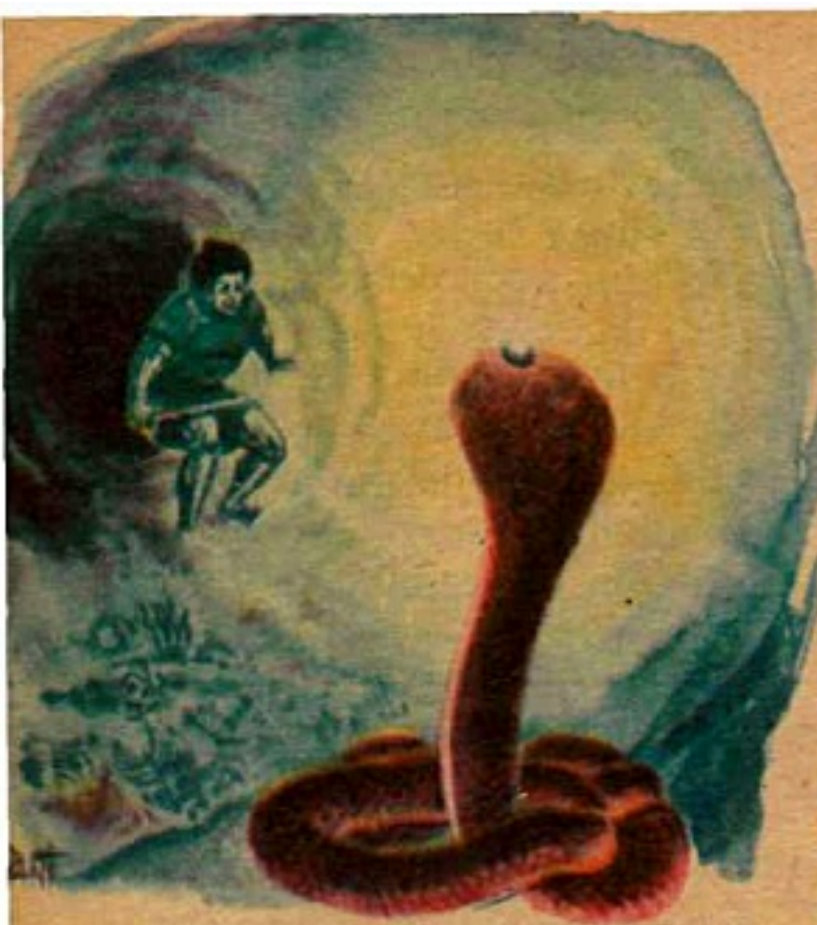
"Before we go any further, we should collect something precious from this cave. Inside it dwells a snake carrying a jewel on its head. I wonder if you can win that jewel for me."

"I can try," said Badal, unsheathing his sword.

The wizard laughed sarcastically.

"If the jewel were to be brought by killing the snake, one could have got it long ago. In that way the jewel would lose its value. You must, if you





can, pluck it from its head without harming it."

Badal put his sword back in the sheath and advanced towards the cave.

The interior of the cave was lighted by a blue hue. Standing at the mouth of the cave, Badal observed that the blue light emanated from the jewel on the sleeping serpent's head.

Several skeletons lay scattered inside the cave. Perhaps they

were the remnants of those who had tried to lay their hands on the jewel, but had grown nervous and bitten to death by the terrible creature.

If the jewel was to be obtained without killing the snake, there must be a way for it. He remembered in a flash what he had once heard from his master: The serpents appreciate a total lack of fear in man.

He advanced by a step. Instantly the serpent raised its head from its coil and looked at Badal with its glittering eyes. Badal stood fixing his gaze on the snake's eyes for a long time.

Badal took an hour to approach the serpent. The creature lay hypnotised still looking at him. Without taking his eyes off the serpent even for a split-second, Badal suddenly plucked the jewel from its head and, in one backward spring, was at the mouth of the cave.

With the jewel removed, the interior of the cave became dark. All Badal heard behind him was a terrific hissing.

(To be continued)

THE PRINCE AND THE WIZARD is adapted from the popular movie, *Patal Bairavi*, the property of M/s. VIJAYA PRODUCTIONS PRIVATE LTD., Madras. Reproduction or imitation, in part or in full, in any manner and in any language, is strictly prohibited.

Four young men met in the city of Baghdad. They came from different lands, but resided in the same inn. They had come there to taste the pleasures of the city. Being of same age and same dispositions, they became friends.

One morning they went out to see a new area of the city. They had put all their money into one bag for the sake of safety. They took charge of the bag by turn.

Soon they came across a

beautiful park. It belonged to the Caliph, but it was open to public. It looked like a magic land. Inside, there were numerous trees, plants, pools, play-houses and taverns.

"If we are to have a good time, we cannot afford to remain alert about our bag. Better we deposit it with the caretaker of the park," one of them proposed. Others agreed.

The caretaker was an old lady who sat near the gate. The young men deposited their bag





with her, but said, "You are not to hand it over to any of us unless we all four return together and ask for it."

The old woman agreed to abide by the condition.

The four young men frolicked around, ate and drank from the tavern and played a few games. Then they had dips in the cool pool. After that they needed combing their hair. But the comb was in the bag.

One of the four rushed to the old woman and asked for the bag. The old woman refused to hand it over to him, remembering the condition.

The three friends were look-

ing from a furlong away. The fourth friend signalled to them, saying that the old woman was not obliging him. The three friends signed to the woman to give the young man what he demanded. The old woman gave away the bag.

The young man at once scampered off with the bag.

His friends had taken their eyes off the young man. When he did not report to them for a long time, they grew suspicious and came to the old woman.

"I have given away the bag to your companion, but I did so only after you three signalled me to do so," said the woman.

"But we meant only the comb, not the entire bag!" shouted the friends.

"How do I know that?" the woman defended herself.

But the three friends went to the Kazi and complained against the woman. The Kazi called the woman and said, "It was clearly understood that you will return the bag only when all the four meet you. Since that condition had not been fulfilled, you should not have given the bag away."

The young men said that they had a thousand gold pieces in the bag. The Kazi ordered the

woman to recompense them for their loss.

The woman had a little grandson. In the evening the child saw the grandmother returning home pale and pensive.

"What ails you, granny?" asked the tot.

"That is a problem too difficult for you to solve," replied the old woman.

"Even then, why not tell me?" insisted the boy. The old woman narrated to him all that had passed.

"Give me a coin and the solution is yours," said the boy.

The old woman gave the child a coin all right, but with-

out really expecting anything from him.

The boy spent the coin on a sweetmeat at the nearest shop and then, returning to his grandmother, said, "Now, go back to the Kazi and say that you are prepared to follow the condition. Let the four young men meet you together and you will return the bag!"

The woman's face brightened up. She did as advised by the child. The Kazi found her stand quite sensible. But the three young men grew pale and they left. They had no hope of meeting their fourth companion.



THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER



"Saturday morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life." There is a song in every heart. So it should have been in the young Tom's heart. But he is being punished. Aunt Polly has ordered him to white-wash a long fence.

But Tom knows how to turn a humiliation into a glory. He feigns pride for doing something that was an adult's privilege. Soon a number of kids are there, begging him to give them a chance! Tom obliges them, of course for the price of an apple or a firecracker. And because the work is done in record time, he gets a reward from the auntie too.

Tom has a friend in Hackleberry Finn, shunned by all and sundry as a vagabond. One night Tom and Huck carry a dead cat to the graveyard to offer it to the devils for certain benefits. They don't meet any devil, but see a doctor and two other men quarrel over a deal. One of them, Injun Joe, kills the doctor, but leaves the knife near the third fellow, Potter,

who is too drunk to know what is going on.

The two kids flee the graveyard. Next day Potter is arrested, charged with murder. The irony is, Potter himself believes that he had murdered the doctor! But Tom, moved to save the innocent man, reveals who the murderer is. Injun Joe, the murderer, dashes out of the court instantly. He is not to be found.

Tom, Huck and another boy, Harper, get an inspiration to become pirates. They board a raft and reach a small island in the river. They pass a few days there enjoying an exciting time, despite their homesickness. The townsfolk give them up for dead. They return just when a funeral service for them is being conducted! Tom and Harper are hugged by their guardians. There is nobody to rejoice over Huck. However, Tom induces his auntie to feel happy over that "poor motherless thing".

Tom and Huck one day enter a haunted house and find Injun Joe, the murderer, carrying out a box full of gold.

The judge's sweet little daughter, Becky, who has become Tom's sweetheart, takes her schoolmates for a picnic to the hills. After lunch they go to explore a cave. All come out, except Tom and Becky. The two are forgotten for the time being.

In the zigzag tunnels inside the cave the two lose their way. Tom discovers an outlet only the next day and comes out with Becky, but not before spy-

ing upon Injun Joe, the murderer who has taken shelter there.

Next day the judge orders the cave's mouth to be shut so that nobody is lost inside it again. It is too late when Tom hears of the closure and discloses that he had sighted the murderer inside. By the time the cave is opened, Joe is dead.

The author, Mark Twain (1835-1910) whose real name was Samuel Langhorne Clemens, was one of the greatest writers America has produced.



Were The Great Bright



Alexander's agony!

The young Alexander was playing when an officer of his father came running to him and broke the news. "Your great father has won a glorious victory! A new land is conquered!"

Alexandar showed no joy. The surprised officer asked him, "Does this news mean nothing to you?"

"It means that there will be nothing left for me to do; my father would have done everything by the time I grow up!" was Alexander's reply.

Of course, much was left for Alexander to do. The incident only shows how eagerly he looked forward to doing the much!

What Washington did not do!

But do all the people who afterwards become famous show the signs of greatness in childhood? No. Often anecdotes about their childhood are invented only after they grow famous. The most glaring example of this is the story of George Washington, America's first President, felling a lovely cherry tree with his new hatchet and confessing to his father of the mischief. In fact, very little is known of Washington's childhood. This incident was a biographer's invention.



INTERNATIONAL

In Their Childhood



Of Christ and Leonardo

And what do we know about the boyhood of even Jesus? Nothing. About the childhood of Leonardo da Vinci, perhaps the greatest genius of the Western world, all we know is, he idled away his time wandering amidst nature.

Of Shakespeare and Kalidasa

And about some other great men's early days whatever is known or heard is far from flattering. The great Shakespeare is supposed to have stolen a landlord's fowl at Stratford-upon-Avon and fled to London to escape punishment. Kalidasa, one of India's supreme poets, is believed to have been such a fool in his boyhood that he cut the branch upon which he sat from its very root!

To do good is great!

So, one can become great without showing any sign of greatness in his childhood. Each one is unique in this creation. All need not be famous or great. But all can be good. And to be good is great.



CHILDREN'S YEAR '79

GREATER OF THE TWO

In a certain village lived a couple—Ranganath and Ramabai. The husband and wife were never tired of quarrelling.

One issue that frequently came for dispute between the two was whether the husband's position was superior to the wife's or the wife's was to the husband's. One day they asked a scholar about it.

"Let me tell you a story," said the scholar. "Once a couple, on their way to a distant place, relaxed under a tree. The husband put his head on the wife's lap and slept. Suddenly a big branch of the tree broke off and was about to fall on him. But the alert wife raised her arm and asked the branch to keep off her husband. Indeed, the falling branch changed its course and fell on the ground. Now, it is for you to decide who was superior."

"Of course it is the wife who had such powers," exclaimed Ramabai.

"Never. It is the husband who commanded the services of such a gifted wife!" retorted Ranganath.





New Tales of King Vikram,
and the Vampire

IN SEARCH OF BEAUTY

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. Jackals howled and moaned; lightning showed fearful faces of weird beings.

But King Vikram did not swerve. He climbed the tree and brought down the corpse. Then, as soon as he began crossing the cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I know not what your motive is in taking such troubles. You must have set a goal before you. But there is no certainty that your desire will be fulfilled even when you have reached the goal. Let me illustrate the point through the story of Prince Veerkumar. Listen to me with attention, O King. That should bring you relief."

The vampire narrated: Prince Veerkumar was a great admirer

of beauty. He nursed a desire to marry the most beautiful girl.

"We are looking for a suitable bride for you," his parents informed him.

"Please don't. Leave the business to me," said the prince. One day the prince went out for a stroll in a nearby forest. It was spring and the trees looked charming. As he roamed about happily, he saw an excellent horse grazing by the side of a pool. He hopped on to the horse in a bid to tame it. At once the horse began to run. It ran so fast that the prince felt dazed.

He did not know when the

horse had thrown him on the ground. He came back to senses by the sweet sound of a song. He got up and saw that he was in a land quite unfamiliar to him. Soon he saw a girl picking flowers. It was she who was singing.

"I have never seen a beauty like you!" muttered the prince. The girl blushed, but she led him to her hut and fed him.

The prince said the next day, "I shall be delighted if you marry me. You are so beautiful!"

"I can marry you. But so far as beauty is concerned, at the foot of the hill lives one who



is ten times more beautiful," said the girl.

"Let me have a glimpse of her," said the prince and he started for the hill.

At the foot of the hill he met the second girl. Indeed, for her beauty, she seemed incomparable. The prince greeted her and made acquaintance with her and resided in her house for the day. In the evening, he proclaimed her as the most beautiful damsel in the world and proposed to marry her.

"I may not have any objection to marry you, but so far as beauty is concerned, you are yet to see the one who lives in

the castle on the hill," said the second girl.

"I must see her," said the prince and he climbed the hill before it was dawn.

The region on the hill bore the appearance of a fairyland. There was an elegant castle and near it a lake. The damsel of the castle was bathing in the lake.

"You are the most beautiful girl that ever lived. I am the prince. Let us marry," he exclaimed.

"Go away immediately. If you don't, I will shout and you shall be killed in no time," said the girl firmly.



The prince hurtled down and met the girl at the foot of the hill. But she declined to marry him. He then returned to the first girl. She too declined to marry him. The prince returned to his palace and asked his parents to find a bride for him. They did so gladly and he married without a murmur.

The vampire paused and then challenged the King to answer: "Why did the first two girls refuse to marry the prince after giving their consent? While the first two girls agreed to marry her, why did the last girl turn down his proposal at once? O King, speak out if you can. If you know the answers but choose to keep mum, your head would roll off your shoulders."

Answered the king without a moment's delay, "The first two girls withdrew their consent

when they realised that the prince's fascination was for beauty alone and for no other virtue of theirs. That is why he changed his mind when he came across a girl more beautiful than the one he had seen.

"The first two girls did not know this while giving their consent. Since the prince lived with them for hours, they thought that he had taken note of their other virtues too. But they were under illusions. The third damsel had no chance for having any illusion as the prince proposed marriage the moment he saw her. She was too wise to consent to marry a man who was simply under the spell of her beauty."

No sooner had the king finished giving his reply than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip!



A strange thing happened in the house of a wealthy Brahmin of Junagadh. He had invited a number of distinguished people belonging to his own caste for a dinner.

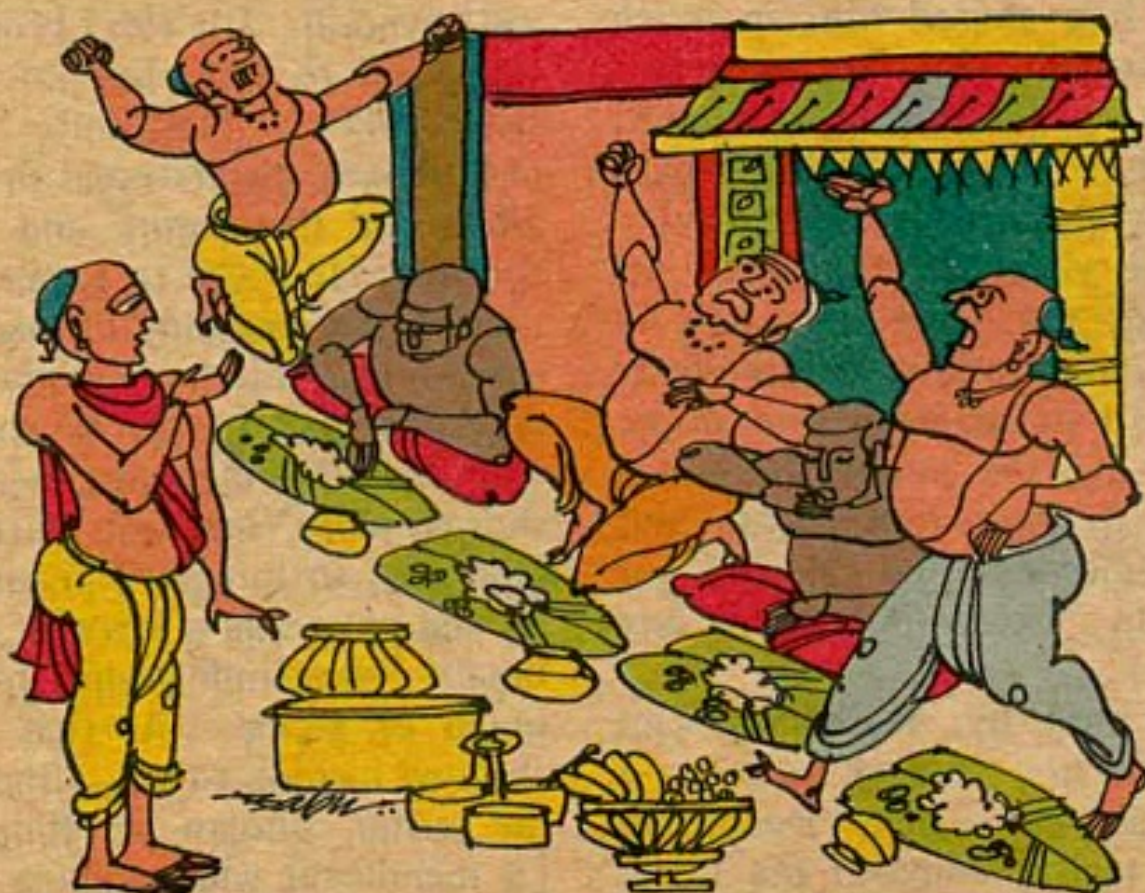
The dinner was in progress when suddenly the guests found that beside each one of them sat a *dhed*—an untouchable—partaking of the feast!

The guests got up and raised a hue and cry. How could such a situation arise? The *dheds* could not have come in, and sit for dinner unnoticed by the

hosts. Probably it was a mere vision. But there had to be a lot of meaning behind such an unusual vision seen by all the guests at the same time!

The Brahmins did some heart-scarching. Among them there were people wise enough to hit upon the cause of the ominous vision.

The cause was Narasimh Mehta, a Brahmin belonging to their own community, for his visiting a hamlet of the *dheds* and singing his devotional compositions to an audience of





the low-caste people. In fact, they had caused him so much harassment that in one of his lyrics he had appealed to God to see that he was not born again in the high caste community!

The vision of the *dheds* invading the feast was only a momentary affair. But the feast lost all its glamour and pride. Next day the leading Brahmins went to Narasimh Mehta and apologised to him. He did not remain excommunicated any longer.

By and by, Narasimh who was at first looked upon as a madcap, came to be recognised as a true devotee of the Lord,

much superior to many of the learned and famous scholars and priests of his time.

Born in a village named Talaja in Gujarat, Narasimh was the second of the two sons of Krishnadas. It is said that the child was dumb. The elders tried to evoke speech in him by uttering so many words before him, but in vain. At last a holy man who happened to see him and who realised that he was a great soul, whispered the name of Radha and Krishna into his ears. Instantly Narasimh muttered the names and never fell dumb again.

Narasimh lost his father in his boyhood. His elder brother was kind to him, but not his sister-in-law. Narasimh, by nature, was disinterested in the affairs of the family and the society. He loved to spend his time in the company of mendicants. For this he was always taken to task by his brother's wife. And her tantrums became sharper when Narasimh married. One day, to hungry Narasimh, all she gave was a piece of dry bread. Narasimh wished for a pinch of pickle. At that she shouted at him, saying, 'Bhajan me sadhu, Bhojan me Bhim!' (A mendicant when singing de-

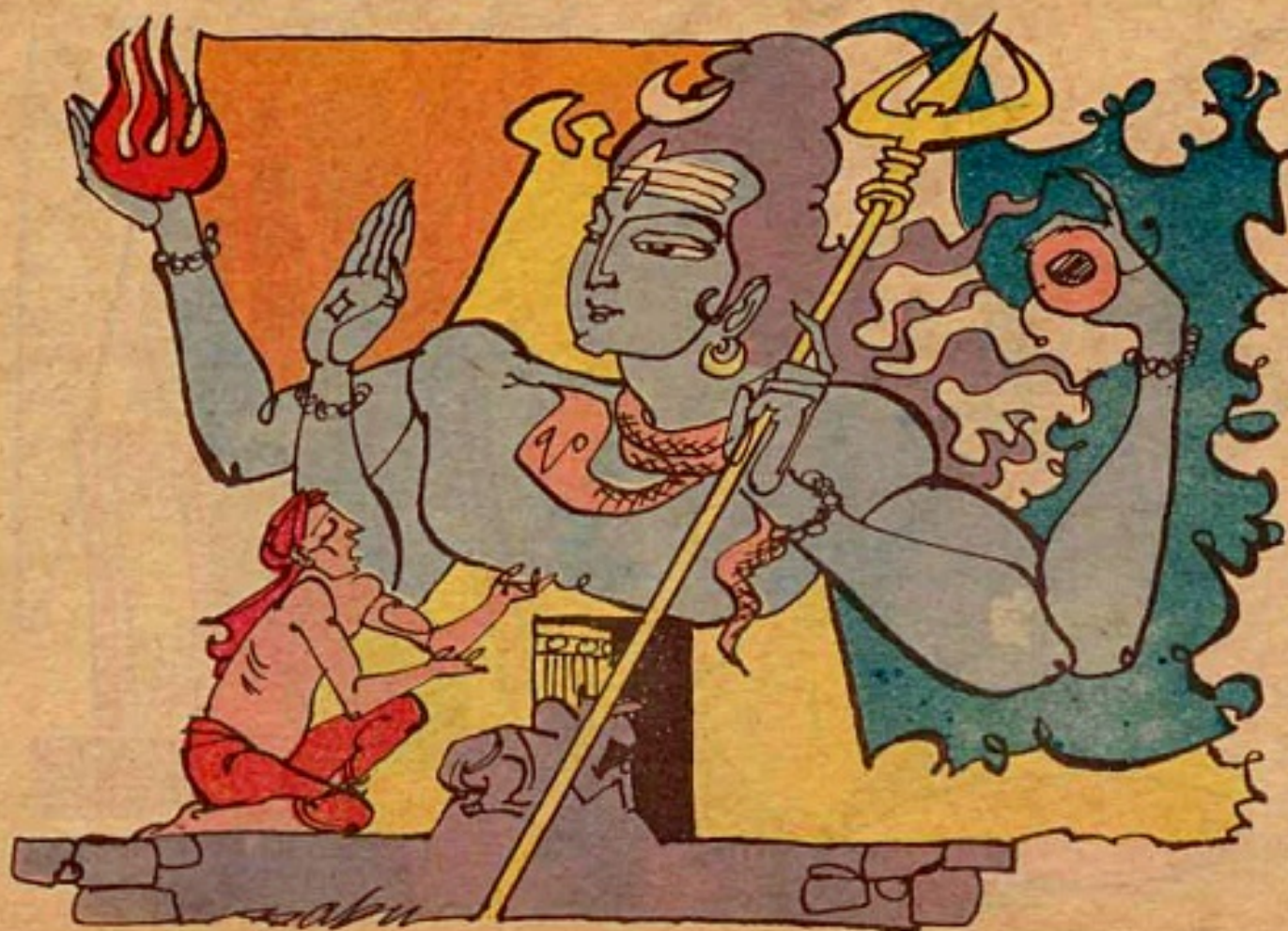
votional songs, you are as heroic as Bhim while eating!)

This was too much for Narasimh. He went to a lonely Shiva temple and wept and prayed. Shiva appeared to him in his vision and offered to grant him a boon. Narasimh forgot all about his worldly problems. "Grant me, O Lord, whatever is dearest to you," he cried out.

Dearest to Shiva was Krishna. By Shiva's Grace, Narsimh not only had a vision of Krishna, but also experienced a physical contact with him.

Narasimh left home and found his abode in Junagadh, in

a small hut. People of the area soon realised that a saintly man had come to live amidst them. Some of them gathered around him regularly and derived great joy from listening to his lyrics. In the course of years Narasimh composed hundreds of songs, known as the *padas*. Over seven hundred of them are compiled into an anthology famous as the *Shringaramala*. Their impact is not limited to Gujarati literature alone. Their spirit, through the devotees, has exercised much influence on several other areas of Indian Literature. One of his songs which the people of all the parts of the country



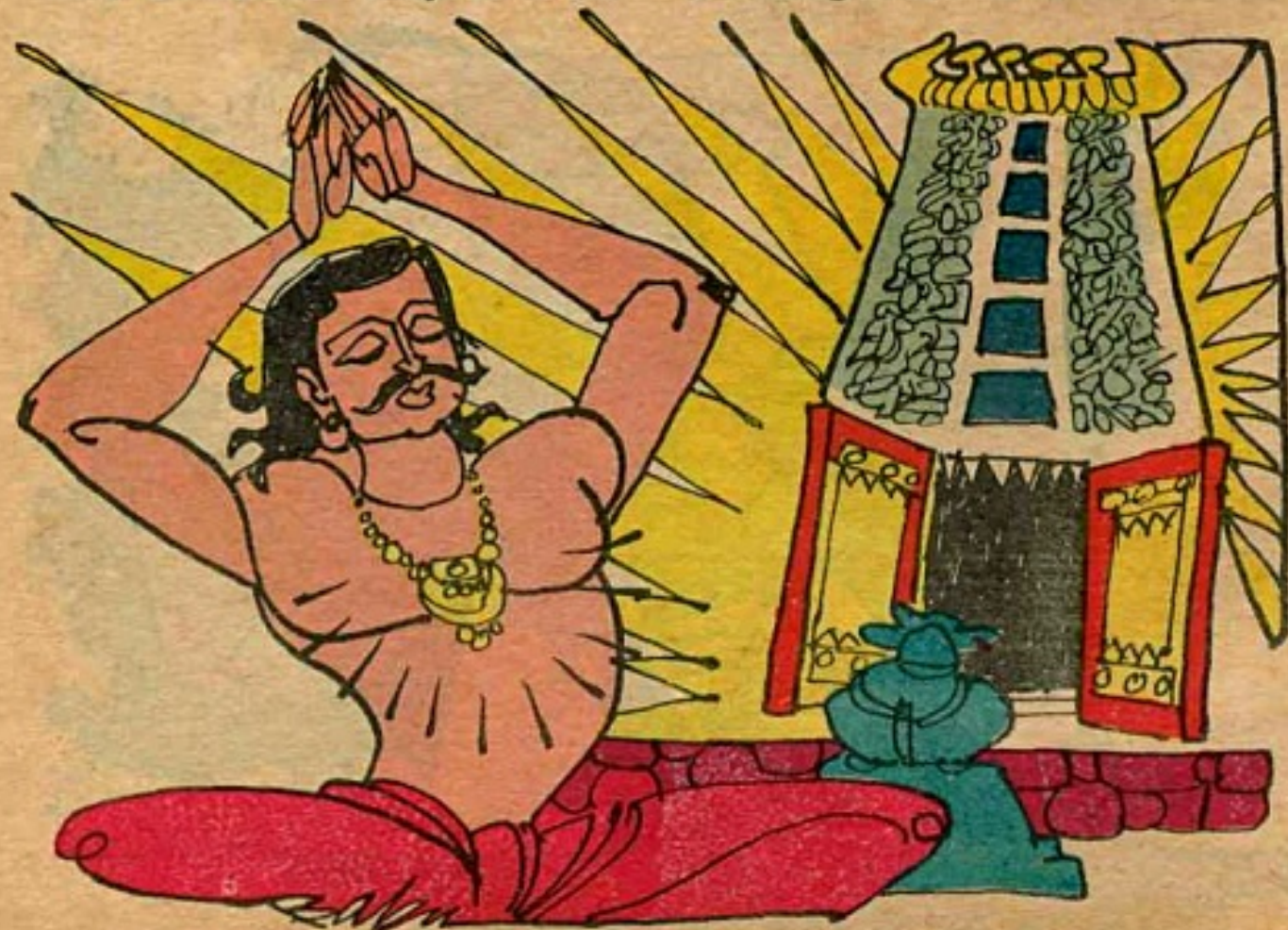
fondly sing even today is, "Vai-shnava jana to tene kahiye je pida parayee janere"—a composition that records the signs of a true *Vaishnav*.

Devotees and admirers used to contribute to the maintenance of Narasimh's small family, consisting of his wife, a daughter and a son. But whenever there was a dire necessity for some wealth, instead of going to any admirer, Narasimh prayed to the Lord. Somebody or the other came to his help. To Narasimh, all such help came from the Lord. He recognised no human agency.

"Is the Lord really so close

to you?" the raja of Junagadh once challenged Narasimh. Further, he said, "Well, then, let it be proved. We have just presented the deity with a new necklace. If he is so fond of you, He won't mind giving it to you! If He does not, you will be held guilty of claiming false intimacy with the Lord. You shall be punished with death."

The temple doors were locked. Narasimh sat before the doors singing his prayers. It was dawn when the doors suddenly sprang open. Next moment the Lord's new necklace was seen adorning Narasimh!



BIRTH OF THE TULSI PLANT

Once Indra was on his way to Kailash to meet Lord Shiva. Seated on a rock was a person who looked nothing extraordinary to Indra. Indra asked him the way to Shiva's abode. The person kept quiet. Furious, Indra struck him on the head by his thunder-bolt.



At once a terrible column of fire gushed out of the person's head, for he was none other than Shiva himself. Indra apologised in all humility and escaped the fate of being burnt down.



The fire that emerged from Shiva's head rose to the sky and at last came down on the vast ocean. The ocean absorbed the mighty fire. But the spirit of the fire did not die; it changed into an infant.



A fruit of Shiva's wrath, it was an infant terrible that emerged from the ocean. The ocean requested Brahma to take charge of the child. But the child proved unmanageable even for Brahma. The child was, in fact, a demon. He was called Jalandhara.

Jalandhara, in course of time, became the king of the demons. He conquered a great part of the earth and most of the kings bowed to him in obedience. But that did not satisfy him. He aspired to conquer the sphere of the gods.



One day he led a large army of demons and invaded Amaravati, the citadel of Indra. After all, Jalandhara was the result of Shiva's wrath which had originally been directed against Indra! The gods were surprised. They did their best to hold their citadel against the demon horde.

After a long battle Indra and the gods were defeated. Jalandhara occupied Amaravati. Indra fled to Kailash and prayed to Shiva to check the menace of the terrible demon. None but Shiva, the gods thought could defeat Jalandhara.



Shiva asked Jalandhara to stop harassing others. But the advice fell on deaf ears. Shiva had no other go than to fight Jalandhara. The gods were astonished to see that the demon could not be killed even by Lord Shiva.

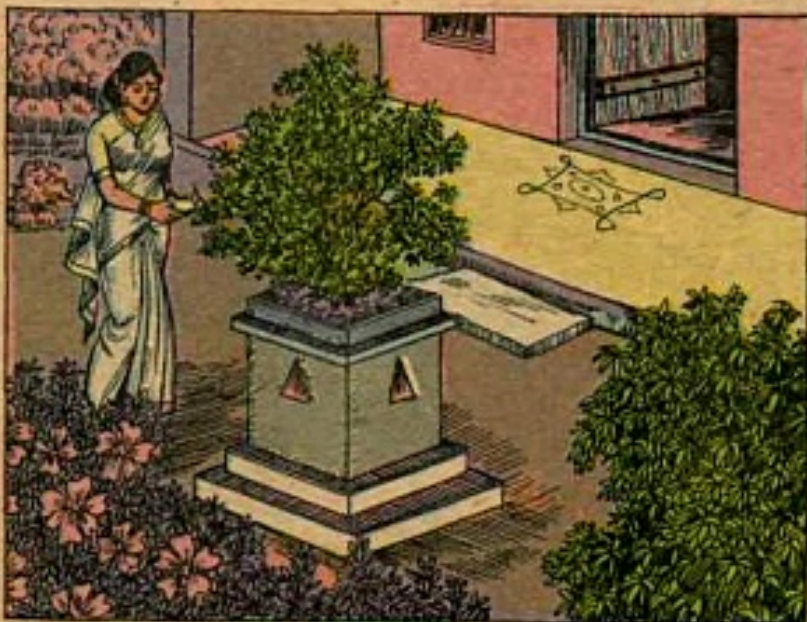
The secret of Jalandhara's strength lay in the silent worship of Vishnu carried on by his wife, Vrinda. As long as she sat in meditation, wishing protection for her husband, nothing could harm the demon.





The gods appealed to Vishnu to intervene. Vishnu was in a dilemma. Vrinda was a true devotee of His and her husband was protected by her devotion. At the same time Jalandhara was a danger to the creation and he had to be destroyed.

At last Vishnu had to act. He approached Vrinda assuming the form of Jalandhara. Vrinda thought that her husband was returning from the battle, victorious. She stopped her penance. Instantly Jalandhara was killed in the hands of Shiva.



When Vrinda came to know the truth, she threw herself into the pyre of her husband and died. But immensely dear to Vishnu that she was, out of her ashes was born the *Tulsi* plant, so dear to Vishnu. Through the ages the *Tulsi* is worshipped as a sacred plant and used for Vishnu's worship.



THE DEMON IN THE DARK

While roaming about Govind and his dog reached a hilly region. At the foot of the range of hills was a big village. The villagers were a lot of well-to-do people, though they had hardly any connection with the world beyond the hills.

Govind quenched his thirst with the cool water from a spring and relaxed on a rock. Soon his eyes fell on a narrow path that entered a cave. As he sat wondering who might be living inside that cave—if at all—he saw a villager leading a donkey towards it. The donkey bore a load and the villager dragged a goat along with him. At the mouth of the cave the villager stopped the donkey and fastened the goat to it.

Surprised, Govind came down from his rock and asked

the man, "Who is there inside the cave? What are you carrying?"

The man looked at him with contempt and said, "Why don't you go in and see for yourself?" Then he burst into a hearty laughter.

"Well, why are you laughing instead of removing my ignorance?" asked Govind.

The villager realised that Govind was a man of another province and he knew nothing about the situation here.

"Know, my friend, that inside the cave lives a ferocious demon. The load on the donkey contains various items of food. We the people of this village have to provide him with his daily ration so that he leaves us in peace," informed the villager.

"Myself and my dog have already come across a number of



demons, ghosts and what not! I know how to scare them away too. If you tell all about this particular demon, maybe, I shall be able to devise some way to drive him out of this area.

The villager laughed again. It was obvious that he did not give much value to Govind's claim. However, he was good enough to give him a brief report about the demon:

It all began years ago. The villagers regularly lost their goats and fowls to some mysterious thief. They tried to remain alert. But that was of no avail. They began losing even their cattle.

Between the village and the hills lived an exorcist. At last the villagers resorted to his help. One dark night the exorcist circled the village thrice never ceasing to recite hymns and then entered the hills. The villagers saw him going with a disciple. But when he came out, he was alone. He narrated the story of his encounter with a demon. It was the demon that whisked away the animals of the villagers. As soon as the demon saw the exorcist and his assistant, he took hold of the assistant and gulped him. However, the exorcist proved too powerful for the demon. After a long argument, it was decided that the villagers would supply the demon with a goat or a pair of fowls every day, along with several other items, and the demon would refrain from harming them in any way. The villagers have faithfully followed the condition. Otherwise the demon would have finished them all in the meanwhile.

After acquainting Govind with these facts, the villager pushed the donkey into the cave. It came out after a few minutes. Its load had been taken off. The goat too remained inside the cave.

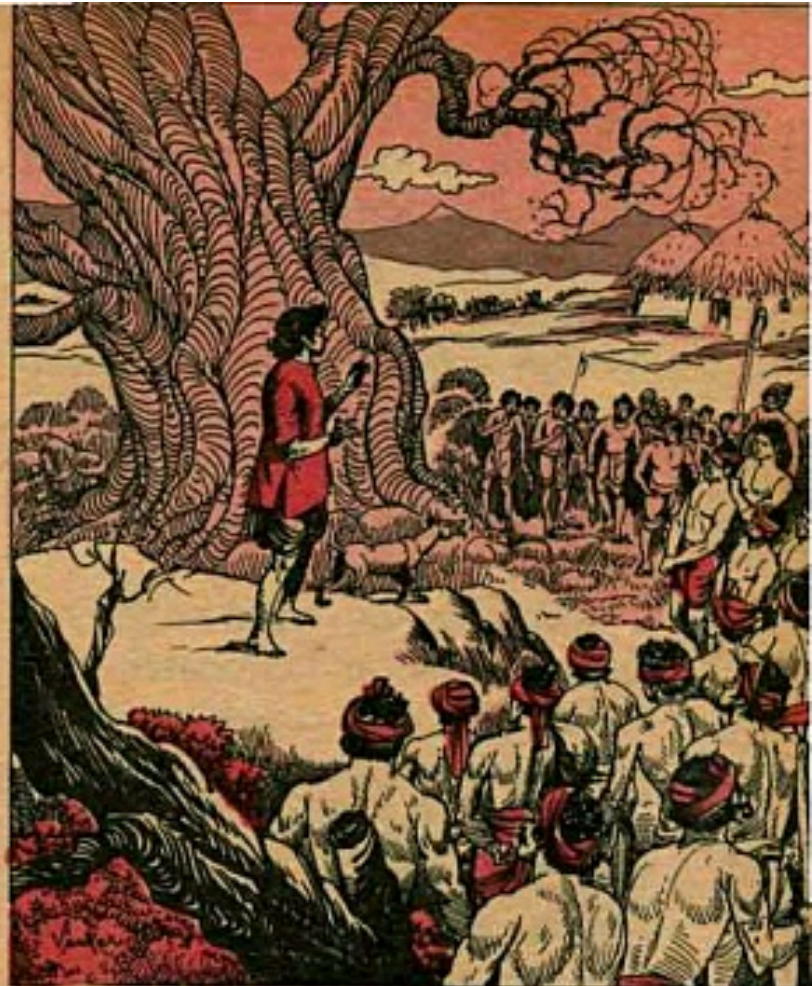
"This donkey belongs to the exorcist. That is why the demon cannot harm it. We use this donkey to send the demon his ration," concluded the villager.

Govind kept on brooding over the matter. Could there really be a demon inside the cave? He did not feel that to be true. After all the only person to have seen the demon is the exorcist. But the question was, where did the exorcist's assistant go? Secondly, what happened to all the stuff that was despatched into the cave?

Govind decided to unravel the mystery. He waited there hiding behind a hillock, but keeping a vigilant eye on the passage that led into the cave.

At midnight, when the village half a mile away lay quiet he saw a few people advancing towards the cave. They looked like one family. A tall man who led the way was followed by two women and two kids.

Govind crawled into the cave stealthily and looked from a safe distance. Someone sat before a fire cooking food. Around the fire sat the others. Soon they began enjoying their food. There was no trace of any demon although the appetite of the leader of the group seemed



quite demonian!

Govind retreated as quietly as he had entered.

Early in the morning Govind went into the village and called out a number of youths to gather at a lonely place. He told them, "Last night I took shelter in the cave without knowing that the place was the dwelling of a demon. When I saw the demon I understood that he was neither ferocious nor strong. It should not be difficult for us to kill him or drive him away. All that is needed is a united effort."

They discussed the plan of their action for long and decided

to keep it a secret.

When it was midnight again the youths marched towards the cave, armed with sticks. They collected as much dry leaves as they could and made a heap of them at the entrance into the cave and set fire to them. The wind was blowing towards the hills.

Columns of smoke entered the cave. Soon, suffocated with the smoke, and coughing, those who were inside the cave came rushing out. They were the members of the exorcist's family and his assistant who was supposed to have been gulped down by the demon years ago.

"Here, catch your demons!" shouted Govind. The villagers took hold of the exorcist and his assistant. The mystery of the demon was resolved. The exor-

cist's assistant lived inside the cave permanently. It was he who unloaded the donkey every day. Once in a while, hiding from all, he carried the goats and the fowls to a distant market where he sold them. Otherwise they ate the stuff sent them by the villagers, merrily, night after night, when the exorcist, with his family, joined his assistant.

His mischief exposed, the exorcist was obliged to leave the village. His poor assistant apologised and was allowed to lead a normal life, at Govind's instance.

The villagers threw a gala feast in Govind's honour. They pleaded with him to stay on in their village. But Govind was a wanderer. He took to the road again, followed by his faithful dog.



THE THIRD BUILDING

Ramesh Jhavery had a dream. That was to build an imposing house. When he had enough money, he commissioned the town contractor to build the house for him.

When the work was complete, nobody had any doubt that it was the finest building in the small town.

Jhavery's neighbour, Hari Kanuga, grew jealous of Jhavery and commissioned the same contractor to build an equally imposing house for him. It was done. Both Jhavery and Kanuga congratulated each other for owning the two finest buildings in the town.

But before long cropped up a third building—more imposing than the two. It was the contractor's!





FEASTS AND GIFTS!

Under a certain king was a feudal lord who ruled over a region. Once he was out on a pilgrimage, escorted by bodyguards and servants.

They were on their way when it became dark. They could see a spark of light coming through the fog. They were not sure whether it was will-o'-the-wisp or a fire lighted in a locality. They headed in the direction of the light and reached a village.

The villagers were excited at the arrival of their feudal lord. They received the travelling party with a great show of honour. The party spent the night in the house of the village chief.

But the feudal lord was pained

to see the condition of the village in the morning. The roads were muddy or bushy. The common pond was half filled with sands.

He toured throughout the village. He saw the people looking sick. He understood that it was sheer negligence on the part of the villagers that polluted the climate of the place and resulted in their sickly condition.

"Why haven't you reported your problems to my officer who is in charge of this area?" asked the lord.

The village chief was at first reluctant to speak out. But, pressed by the lord, he said, "The officer demanded a heavy

bribe in advance. Only then he would sanction us the necessary money for the welfare of the village. We were unable to give him the advance."

"Very well, we shall try him when we return from the pilgrimage. But now you can go ahead with the work of the village development. Here is an amount of ten thousand rupees," said the lord and he handed out the sum to the village chief.

Soon after the party left, the village chief had to receive his daughter and his son-in-law. The happy chief entertained them to a lavish feast and bought them new clothes and two gold rings. He spent a thousand rupees from the fund placed at his disposal.

He of course left bit guilty about it but the feeling passed off soon.

Unknown to the chief, his wife had placed order for a necklace with the goldsmith. It was too late for the chief to explain to her that the money he had was meant for development works. He had to pay two thousand rupees to the goldsmith.

That the chief had spent two thousand rupees for his wife's



ornament did not remain a secret. The members of the village council pleaded with him for some gifts for their families. The chief was obliged to part with two thousand rupees more.

Thereafter the council met. The problem before them was not how best to utilise the remaining money, but how to explain to the feudal lord what they had already spent.

Someone came running while the council sat in conference and informed the chief that his servant had escaped with five thousand rupees!

The chief's wife had appointed a young man as their

servant only a week ago. The young man had offered to work in exchange for mere food and shelter. Now, he had disappeared with the money.

The incident had its bright side for the village chief. He decided to report to the feudal lord that the stranger had stolen away the entire ten thousand rupees. He proceeded to the lord's court.

The lord had just returned from his pilgrimage. As soon as he saw the chief, he asked, "What about the other five thousand?"

"Other five thousand?" muttered the nervous chief. Soon his eyes fell on the servant who had stolen the money.

"Thief!" he shouted.

"Tut, tut!" The lord stopped him. "If this young man would not have taken hold of the re-

maining half of the money, that too would have gone to feasts and gifts! The young man is none other than my son. You can hardly succeed in your scheme to blame him for the entire money. Fetch the ill-spent five thousand within a week or you lose your property and freedom," said the feudal lord with a gesture of finality.

The village chief had to sell half of his property and deposit the money. He and the other members of the village council lost their positions and paid fines. The feudal lord appointed a new committee and told the members, "Know that your misery is due to your selfishness, not due to any lack of wealth. You are all responsible for your condition. Be honest and straight forward and all will go well."





THE DOUBLE REWARD

In a certain prosperous village lived a rich man named Rahim. His only child was Razia, a beautiful girl.

Razia was a very sweet-natured girl. She was deeply devoted to her parents. She was also well-versed in literature and domestic arts.

Everybody knew that Razia was the sole heir to her father's estates. No wonder that many youths belonging to affluent families of the area coveted Razia's hand in marriage.

Relatives of Razia began meeting him with proposals for Razia's marriage. Relatives of Rahim's wife too did the same.

But Rahim was a man of uncommon disposition. He looked for a young man who would be a devotee of God. He knew that the sons of the rich had no time to meditate upon Allah. He did not wish one of them to marry his only child.

One night his wife asked him, "So many eligible youths are proposing marriage with Razia. Why don't you choose one of them for your son-in-law? Some of them are very wealthy!"

"How do I care for their wealth? Am I not rich enough myself? What I want is, Razia's husband should be a man of good nature, absolutely devoted



to Allah. I believe that God would be merciful to me and I shall get the right sort of young man," explained Rahim.

Rahim's wife kept quiet. She had great faith in her husband's wisdom.

Next day, upon reaching the mosque, Rahim saw a handsome young man kneeling down in prayer. Rahim saw him doing the same for several days. Curious about the young man, he asked him, "What is your name? What do you do?"

"I am Nasir, an orphan. I do hardly anything except praying," replied the young man.

"But how do you maintain

yourself?" queried Rahim.

"I seldom remember hunger or thirst. I forget all about my needs once I am in communion with God," answered Nasir. Then he added, "Of course, there are kind people around who bring me food from time to time."

Rahim was deeply impressed by the young man's words.

"This boy seems to be exactly the kind of boy I wished to find. Great is the mercy of Allah," Rahim told himself.

Back at home Rahim told his wife all about his pleasant discovery. Both were happy. They decided to wait for some days to observe the youth more keenly.

From that day onward Rahim's servants brought food and drink for Nasir, all the three times of the day. Rahim's clerk brought him several sets of new clothes. He was given a room adjacent to the mosque.

It was observed that Nasir often wept. Those who saw it, reported about it to Rahim. One afternoon Rahim called Nasir to a lonely nook of the mosque and asked him why he wept.

"Time has come when I must tell you the truth and depart. I

was a burglar. One night I entered your house to steal. Just then you happened to tell your wife that you desired to have for your son-in-law a young man who would be a devotee of God," said the young man, wiping his tears.

"Indeed, I remember having told my wife so," said the surprised Rahim.

"When I heard that, I sneaked out of your house without stealing. Next day I entered the mosque and sat down in a conspicuous place, just to attract your attention. I pretended to pray. But, as days passed, I grew a devotee of God. I weep whenever I think of my past misdeeds and hypocrisy," confessed Nasir.

Rahim stood amazed.

"You are a noble soul. I tried to cheat you. Punish me

in whatever way you like. Thereafter I shall go away," said Nasir again, as he fell at Rahim's feet.

Rahim lifted the young man up by the hands and embraced him.

"I don't care what you were. I believe that you are a true devotee now. I choose you for my son-in-law. Allah has not only granted my prayer, but also has changed your nature in the process. It is double reward. Great is the mercy of Allah!" said Rahim.

Nasir and Razia were married soon.

There were only a few people who knew who Nasir really was. But, by his conduct, Nasir proved himself worthy of Rahim's trust. Rahim, his wife, and Razia were very happy.



ONLY A NEEDLE!

There was an old merchant. He was as much miser as he was rich. His only mission in life seemed to be hoarding money.

One morning he saw a mendicant approaching him. At once he came forward with his usual plea: "I have nothing to give you now. Come later..."

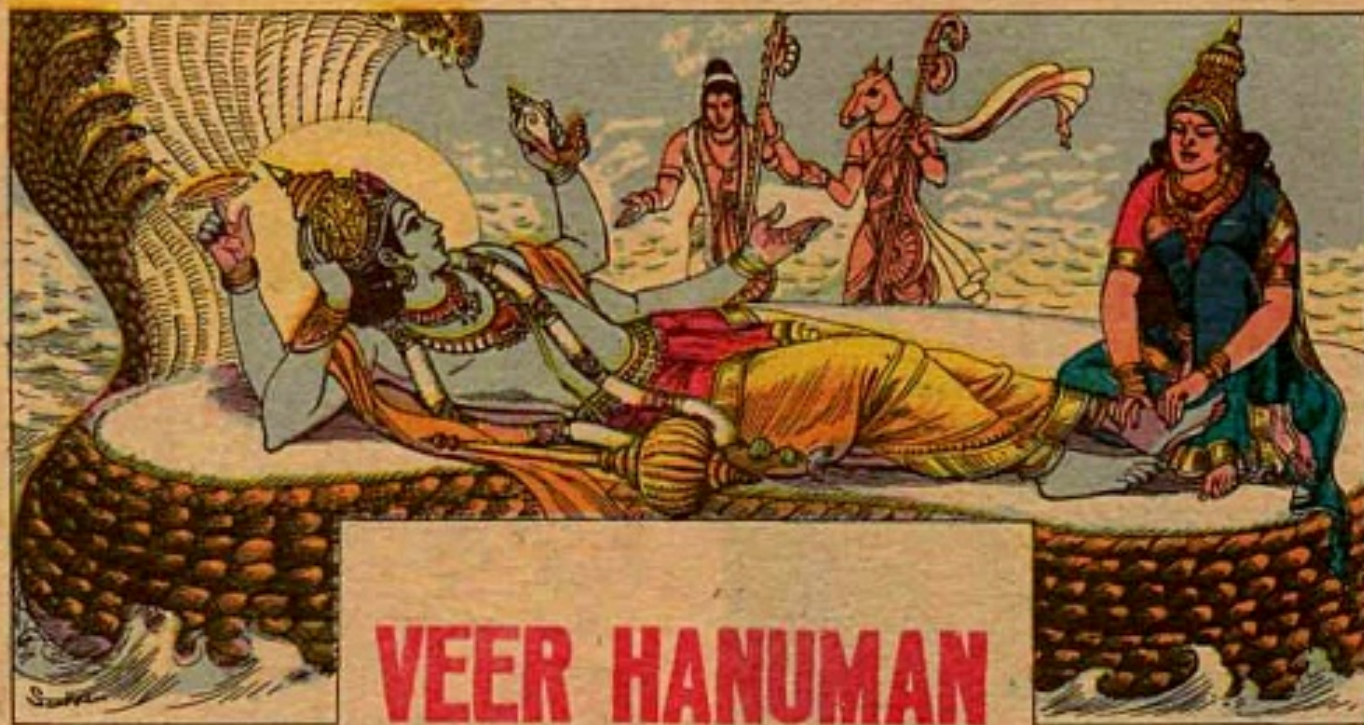
"I have not come here to take anything from you, but to give you this needle. Please keep this and return it to me when you are born again," said the mendicant.

The merchant laughed and said, "Are you mad? How can I carry your needle to my next birth?"

"No?" exclaimed the mendicant. "I thought that you must be knowing some secret of carrying things to your next birth. How otherwise do you justify devoting all your time to hoarding money knowing that you are already old and when you die you cannot carry your things with you?"

The mendicant sighed and went away. The merchant stood thoughtful for long. His conduct changed. He began spending his money for good causes.





VEER HANUMAN

Veer Hanuman concentrated on Rama and sat in meditation on Mount Gandhamadan. A long time passed.

Suddenly Brahma appeared before him and said, "Hanuman, the Era of Falsehood is about to begin. You will not feel at home on earth in this unfortunate era. Better depart into the Ocean of Milk."

Brahma disappeared after delivering the message.

In the Ocean of Milk two devotees were continuously entertaining Vishnu with demonstrations of their musical talents. They were Narada and Tumvuru. While Narada recited devotional songs, Tumvuru sang classical compositions.

Each thought himself superior

to the other and bore a grievance against the other. Their quarrel always did not remain limited to a verbal exchange. At times they were on the verge of fighting, raising their Veenas as if the instruments were weapons!

"Lord, why don't you say who between us is a superior musician?" they often asked Vishnu.

Vishnu tried to pacify them and whenever possible got immersed in a trance. But he was not spared. The two devotees often shouted into his ears, "Why don't you give your decision before falling asleep? We can't be in peace without knowing who is the better musician between us!"

"No use pestering me with



such a question. On Mount Gandhamadan lives a Vanara. Go and inform him that Rama summons him. Your debate will be over once he is here.”

Both Tumvuru and Narada felt surprised to hear what Vishnu had to say. They looked daggers at each other and both reached Gandhamadan simultaneously.

Hanuman was in deep meditation, muttering the name of Rama. The two visitors stood in silence and heard him repeating the name. There were such grandeur and sweetness in Hanuman’s chanting that it appeared as though he harmonised all the *ragas*!

Tumvuru and Narada heard Hanuman’s chanting for long. They had forgotten their mission. They realised that Hanuman was not only a great devotee, but also a master of the spirit of sound. They did not know when they had joined him in chanting the name of Rama.

But their voices disturbed the harmony of the sound. Hanuman opened his eyes and looked in surprise. Tumvuru and Narada stood enchanted, muttering Rama’s name. Hanuman stood up and received them with devotion, by touching their feet.

The two visitors came back to their senses. Embarrassed, they said, “O Great Soul, you ought not to have touched our feet.”

“Whenever I come across devotees uttering Rama’s name, I become overwhelmed with joy,” said Hanuman.

Tumvuru and Narada introduced themselves and informed Hanuman that he was summoned by none other than Rama. “He is residing in the Ocean of Milk. Be pleased to accompany us there,” said Tumvuru.

“You will find Sita too, along

with Lakshmana, Bharata and Shatrughna, serving Rama," said Narada.

Hanuman was delighted. He brooked no delay. He sprang up and proceeded to the Ocean of Milk.

He was received by Garuda who led him to Vishnu's presence.

Looking at Vishnu, Hanuman saw Rama in Him. He realised that it was Vishnu who had incarnated as Rama.

He prostrated himself to Vishnu.

"Hanuman, these two worthy musicians, Tumvuru and Narada, are not sure who bet-

ween them is more gifted in their art. I called you so that you can resolve the controversy. But before you judge them, let us hear you sing," said Vishnu.

"My lord, what do I know of music? And how can I muster courage to sing before two such talented singers?" said Hanuman in all humility.

"Hanuman, it is a pity that you never recognise your own qualities. Always somebody else has to point them out to you. How do you forget that there was a time when you followed the sun keeping pace with him so that he could impart to you the knowledge of all





the arts? No, Hanuman, you must sing," said Vishnu.

Hanuman could not disobey Vishnu. He started singing. To begin with, he sang Raga *Hindol*, a musical mode that was dear to Vishnu. Great was the surprise of Tumvuru and Narada. They stood like statues.

From Raga *Hindol*, Hanuman went over to Raga *Vaijayanti* in which he sang the name of Rama. The name, made up of only two syllables, was sung with such melody and emotion that it created hitherto unknown vibrations in the ocean. The listeners were in ecstasy. Narada and Tumvuru realised

how music can be an expression of deep devotion.

Upon Hanuman approaching the climax, it appeared as though the waves of the ocean would rise high enough to touch the stars! The thousand hoods of Seshanaga, the blessed serpent shading Vishnu, grew vibrant.

Hanuman then slowed down to Raga *Devagandhara*. The tranquil effect of this mode slowly froze the ocean. The Veenas of Narada and Tumvuru got stuck in the frozen ocean.

Vishnu signed Hanuman to stop. Only then Narada and Tumvuru looked for their instruments.

"Narada and Tumvuru! Let the effect of your music melt the ocean so that you can recover your Veenas," said Vishnu.

The two musicians sang for long. But that had no effect on the state of the ocean. They hung their heads.

At Vishnu's asking Hanuman sang a number of Ragas. The spirits of the ragas took forms and danced around him. Soon, Lord Shiva too was attracted to the place. He came dancing. He was followed by Parvati, Ganapati, and the Pra-

mathas who were the attendants of Shiva well-versed in music.

Soon came Brahma, descending from his lotus-seat. With him came Saraswati, playing on her Veena. Indra and other gods were not late either.

To Hanuman, the festive region looked like a marital platform. Lakshmi and Narayana looked like the bride and the bridegroom. He felt that Rama and Sita must have looked like that when they got married. He had a strong desire to visualise that scene. That was fulfilled now.

The ocean had melted in the meanwhile. Narada and Tumvuru recovered their Veenas.

Said Goddess Saraswati, "The music of Hanuman will remain famous forever as the perfect combination of all the qualities of true music."

Said Brahma, "Hanuman, you have devoted yourself to the Lord without the slightest desire of any profit for yourself. Just as your penance has no comparison, there is no position comparable to that of Brahma's. You shall be the Brahma in the future. It is your absolute devotion to Rama that is going to win you that position. You will be the creator in the next



phase of time."

Said Shiva, "In the creation of the present Brahma, the number of bad people is greater than the number of good people. Being self-created, this Brahma does not have much to do with the humanity. You, on the other hand, have ever worshipped the human form of Vishnu. Hence your creation will abound in perfect human beings like Rama, Sita, Lakshmana, etc. Remain with Vishnu for the time being."

Said Brahma again, "What Shiva said is true. If there are some evil men in the mankind, all tend to be influenced by them. This process will end in



your creation. In the coming phase of time, a new lotus will spring from the navel of Vishnu. You, as Brahma, will be stationed in that lotus. You are the creator of the future."

At the request of the assembly, Hanuman sang again

after which all dispersed.

Hanuman continues to reside in the Ocean of Milk and serve Lakshmi and Narayana looking upon them as Sita and Rama.

Veer Hanuman is immortal. He is the Brahma of the future.

CONCLUDED

WONDER WITH COLOURS





AN EXEMPLARY FINE!

Jeevandas owned a cow that was a pride among the cattle of the village. It gave a bucketful of milk every day.

Bhairavsingh, the wealthy trader of the village, desired to have that cow for himself. He offered a certain price and requested Jeevandas to sell it to him. But partly because the price offered was quite low and partly because Jeevandas loved the cow very much, the bargain did not click.

Jeevandas had a piece of land where grass grew prolific. Jeevandas also used to obtain the sanction of his neighbours for his cow to graze on their fields. Thus, the cow went strong; so did Jeevandas.

Days passed.

But when Jeevandas's daughter's marriage was fixed, he needed a good amount of money. He decided to sell away the cow. But the only man in the village who could afford to buy it was Bhairavsingh and he was not likely to pay the right price for the cow. Hence Jeevandas led the cow to the market.

It was evening. The village council sat in a meeting. Like a court, the council decided on many affairs of the village. Bhairavsingh presided over the meeting.

While the meeting was on, a villager came running there, dragging a cow along with him.

"This cow was destroying my crop. Let its owner be punished," he cried out.

"Who is its owner?" asked a member of the council.

"It belongs to Jeevandas," replied another who closely looked at the cow.

Bhairavsingh who nursed a grievance against Jeevandas, said, "It is a grave injustice on the part of its owner to leave it free. The punishment ought to be exemplary. Let the owner pay two thousand rupees. Half of the amount should go to the farmer whose crop has been destroyed. The other half should go to the village welfare fund."

Some members pleaded for a reduction in the amount of the penalty. But Bhairavsingh declared that he won't grumble to pay such an amount had the

cow been his!

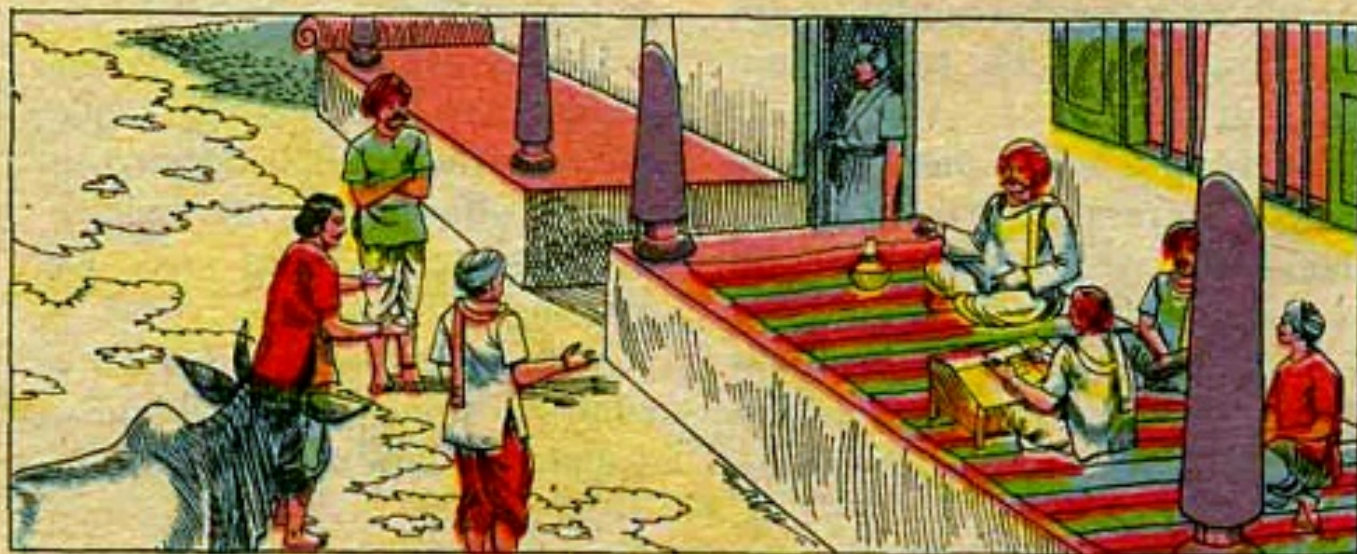
"People are growing more and more callous about their responsibility. The owner of this cow allowing it to stray into another's field is an instance of high callousness. We must put our end to this," he insisted.

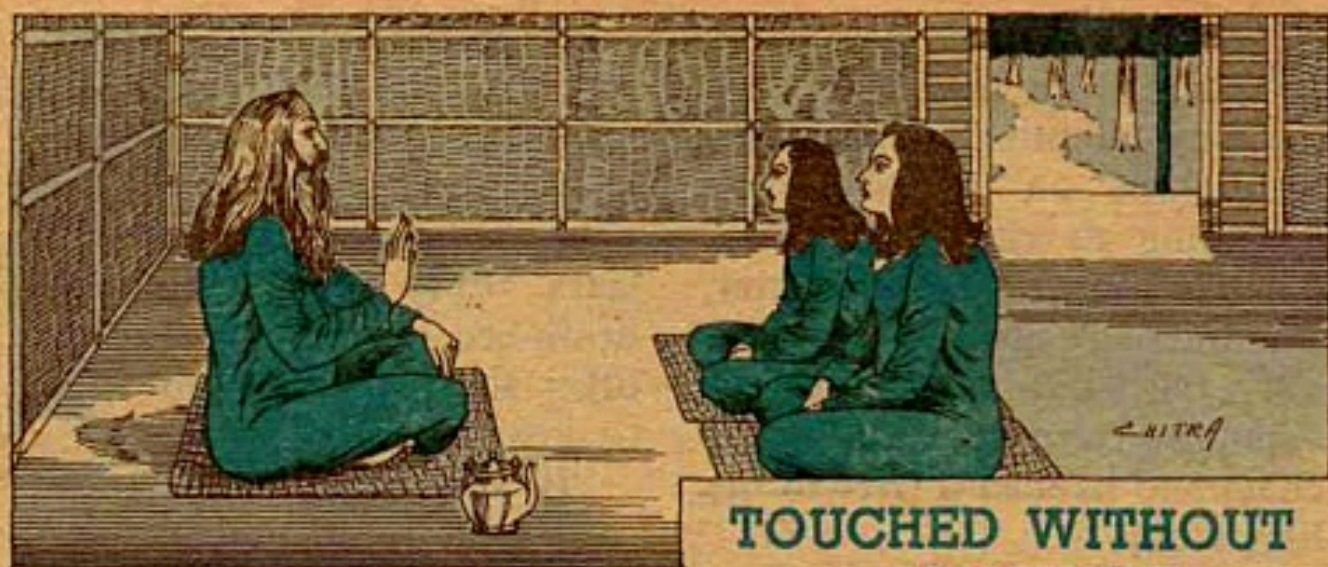
The council passed a resolution fixing the fine on the owner of the cow.

Just then a young man came rushing and, taking hold of the cow, said, "My cow is here and I am looking for it in the fields! I bought it at the market from Jeevandas and was leading it home when it slipped away!"

The young man was none other than Bhairavsingh's son. He knew his father's interest in the cow and that is why he had bought it.

Bhairavsingh quietly handed out the fine!





TOUCHED WITHOUT TOUCHING

There was a small forest near a locality. A hermit lived in the forest. The villagers respected him much and they had built a spacious cottage for him.

Two young men, Ananda and Bhairav, out in search of true knowledge, became his disciples. Both took abode with him.

The hermit instructed them in the primary code of conduct they were to follow. "Do not touch gold and women," he said. "This discipline will help you stick to the path you have chosen. Hermits that you are, you need not cultivate any particular familiarity with anybody. However, Whenever someone is in genuine difficulty and needs your help, give him the help by all means, to the best of your ability."

Every day the guru as well as the disciples went a begging. The

villagers were generous in giving alms to them and that is why they were not required to wander about for long. The two disciples had enough time to discuss problems of philosophy and religion with the guru.

One day, out to collect alms, Ananda saw a small boy weeping, standing on the road.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Ananda.

"My master gave me a gold chain for handing it over to the goldsmith. All on a sudden a fellow snatched it from my hand and ran away. What am I to do? My master may not believe what I say!" said the boy.

"Can you recognise the thief?" asked Ananda.

"I can," replied the boy. Ananda and the boy took to the road which the thief had taken. They crossed the village and

came near a river.

"There is the thief!" shouted the boy pointing at a fellow who stood on the river-bank hesitating to enter the water. Ananda ran and captured him. The thief struggled to free himself but did not succeed. Ananda recovered the gold chain and handed it over to the happy boy.

In the meanwhile Bhairav had arrived there. Looking aghast, he exclaimed, "Ananda! What did you do! You touched gold!"

Before Ananda had the chance to say anything, a young lady who had just reached the spot, asked them, "Do you

know if there is a boat anywhere to cross the river?"

Neither Ananda nor Bhairav knew about the boat. The young lady was on the verge of tears. "My father is on his death-bed in the village on the other side. I don't know how to cross the river!"

"If you don't mind, I can carry you to the other side," proposed Ananda.

The anxious young lady had no objection to it.

"What are you going to do, Ananda? How are you going to touch a young lady?" Bhairav whispered to Ananda. But Ananda did not seem to hear his



friend. He lifted the young lady and left her on the other side. The young lady thanked him. But he did not seem to hear her either. He went away for collecting alms.

Bhairav could not apply his mind to anything. The gold and the young lady which his friend had touched despite the guru's warning, haunted him. He returned to their cottage early.

"O Guru, my friend Ananda has violated the code of conduct you framed for us," he complained. Upon hearing his report, the guru only smiled and said, "Let us wait and see what

Ananda has to say about it!"

Ananda was back an hour later.

"Ananda! Did anything special happen to you today?" asked the guru.

"I found two chances for putting your instruction into practice," said Ananda.

"How?" asked the guru.

"I helped two persons in distress," replied Ananda.

"Who were they?" asked the guru.

"I have not enquired about them. You had asked us not to cultivate any particular familiarity with anybody," replied Ananda.





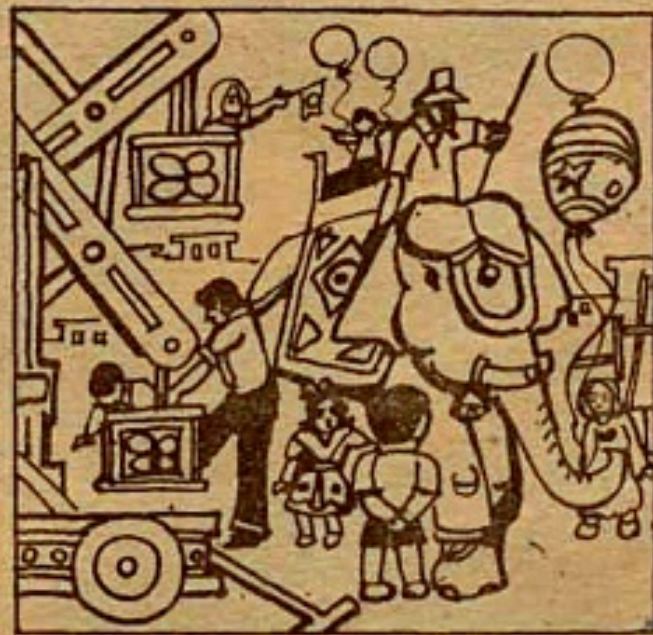
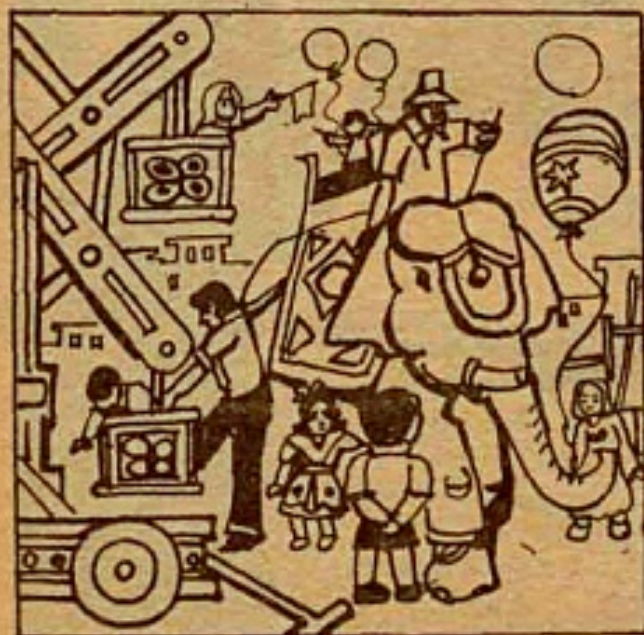
"Good. Now, go and have your bath," said the guru.

After Ananda left the place, the guru told Bhairav, "You see, when I told you not to touch gold and women, what I meant was you must not be attached to them. When Ananda touched the gold chain, he hardly saw gold in it. He was just recovering someone's

lost property. When he helped the young lady cross the river, he hardly saw a woman in her, but only saw a human being in distress."

After a pause, the guru said again, "My boy, it is you who have been more touched by the gold and the woman although you have not touched them!"

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

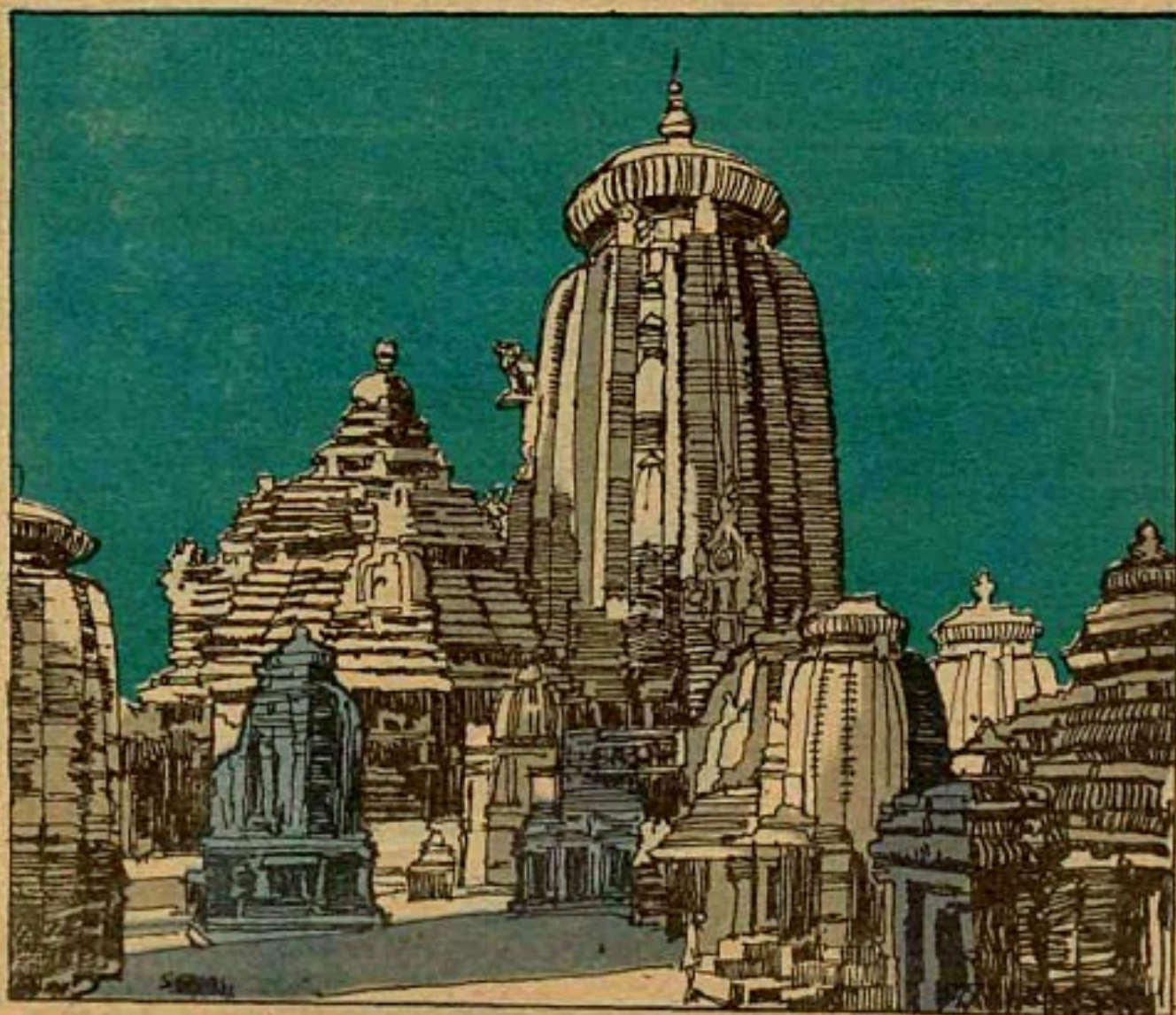


MONUMENTS OF INDIA

THE LINGARAJA TEMPLE AT BHUBANESWAR

In the ancient city of Bhubaneswar (adjacent to the new capital of Orissa) is to be found a holy tank called Bindusagar. Around this tank, scattered over a large area, stand 500 temples of great antiquity and artistic splendour. Many more are lost to time.

The greatest in this cluster of monuments is the 148-feet-high temple dedicated to Lord Lingaraja. It is a majestic structure, rich in sculpture.



THE LAST SACRIFICE IN THE COLOSSEUM

In A.D. 80 Rome saw the opening of a huge amphitheatre, known as the Colosseum. For almost four centuries this became the foremost place of enjoyment for the Romans.

Bloody sports took place in the arena of this amphitheatre while thousands of spectators, including the emperor, were seated along the balconies, applauding them. Fearful beasts were collected from various parts of the world. They were starved and made to fight among themselves. What is more, human fighters had to confront them. Those declared criminals or rebels came handy to be used for this purpose.

Then came the gladiators. They were men generally chosen from the slaves, taught to fight each other unto death.

One day, in A.D. 409, while the fight was on, suddenly a stranger jumped into the arena. While trying to separate the two batches of gladiators, he shouted, "Stop this beastly practice." There was a stunned silence for a moment. Then the audience shouted, "Kill the stranger!" He was at once cut down. But the game lost its momentum.

That was the last fight of the gladiators in the Colosseum. The practice stopped, under the impact of Christianity.

The stranger was a traveller from Asia. Hardly anything more is known about him!



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. G. Srinivasa Murthy



Mr. M. Natarajan

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The prize for the November '78 contest goes to:
Mr. K. Thulasidasan, A/3 Mohan Apartments,
1st Kasturiba Cross Road, Borivli, Bombay - 400 066

The Winning entry: 'Lurking Rabbits' — 'Perching Habits'



PICKS FROM
OUR MAIL BAG

Dear Sir,

I am thirteen now. I've been enjoying the *Chandamama* for last 5 years and have preserved them. In your October '78 issue, you have mentioned of nine planets. But in May '72 was discovered Poseidon, the 10th planet. According to Joseph Brady of the University of California, Poseidon is 16,000,000,000 Km. away from the sun, remoter than Pluto, and is very large.

—GAWRI DHEER, Bombay.

Chandamama is a priceless gift to children.....The stories are excellent. But *The Prisoner in the Rock Castle* was an imitation of *The Count of Monte Cristo* by Alexander Dumas.

—B. RAGHUNANDAN, Pune.

చందమామ ఇతివేది తెలుగు

అందరినీ ఆనందించే చందమామ ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్ లో ప్రచురించబడుతుంది

చందమామ ఇతివేది తెలుగు



Chandamama, now published in twelve Indian languages including English and entertaining millions of readers in India, makes its debut in Srilanka. To the President and people of Srilanka, we dedicate our inaugural issue in Sinhala.



ఇతివేది తెలుగు

AMBILIMAMA

CHANDAMAMA

the monthly magazine for children through which the old become young and the young remain young.



చందమామ **CHANDAMAMA** చందీవా

NP 007 BUBBLE GUM

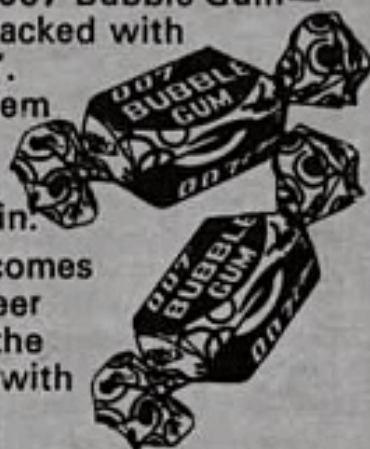
FREE

If you find a white Bubble gum in your 007 pack, demand, on the spot, from your shopkeeper another 007 Bubble gum FREE

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HERE COME THE

BUBBLE MAKERS





HAPPY CHILD - NATION'S PRIDE (YEAR OF CHILD - 1979)